

colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Hellens* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I sweare to you, I thinke *Hellen* loues him better then *Paris*.

*Cre.* Then shee's a merry Greeke indeed.

*Jan.* Nay I am sure shee does, she came to him th'other day into the compast window, and you know he has not past three or foure haire on his chinne.

*Cre.* Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

*Pan.* Why he is very yong, and yet will be within three pound list as much as his brother *Hektor*.

*Cre.* Is he is so young a man, and so old a lister?

*Pan.* But to prouue to you that *Hellen* loues him, she came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.

*Cre.* Inno haue mercy, how came it clouen?

*Pan.* Why, you know 'tis dimpled, I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

*Cre.* Oh he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does hee not?

*Cre.* Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne*.

*Pan.* Why go to then, but to prouue to you that *Hellen* loues *Troilus*.

*Cre.* *Troilus* wil stand to thee

Prooffe, if youle prouue it so.

*Pan.* *Troilus* why he esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egge.

*Cre.* If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th' shell.

*Pan.* I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled his chin, indeed shee has a maruell's white hand I must needs confesse.

*Cre.* Without the racke.

*Pan.* And shee takes vpon her to spie a white haire on his chinne.

*Cre.* Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

*Pan.* But there was much laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

*Cre.* With Millstones.

*Pan.* And *Cassandra* laught.

*Cre.* But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

*Pan.* And *Hektor* laught.

*Cre.* At what was all this laughing?

*Pan.* Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* spied on *Troilus* chin.

*Cre.* And 'thad bene a greene haire, I should haue laught too.

*Pan.* They laught not so much at the haire, as at his pretty answer.

*Cre.* What was his answer?

*Pan.* Quoth shee, heere's but two and fifty haire on your chinne; and one of them is white.

*Cre.* This is her question.

*Pan.* That's true, make no question of that, two and fiftie haire quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. *Insipit* quoth she, which of these haire is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and *Hellen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chafte, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

*Cre.* So let it now,

For is has bene a great while going by.

*Pan.* Well Cozen,

I told you a thing yesterday, thinke on't.

*Cre.* So I does.

*Pan.* Ile besworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill.

*Cre.* And Ile spring vp in his teares, an'twere a nettle against May.

*Pan.* Hark they are comming from the field, shal we stand vp here and see them, as they passe toward Illium, good Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida*.

*Cre.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we may see most brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke *Troilus* above the rest.

*Enter Aeneas.*

*Cre.* Speake not so low'd.

*Pan.* That's *Aeneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but merke *Troilus*, you shal see anon.

*Cre.* Who's that?

*Enter Antenor.*

*Pan.* That's *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good enough, hee's one o'th' soundest iudgement in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man of person: when comes *Troilus*? Ile shew you *Troilus* anon, if hee see me, you shal see him him nod at me.

*Cre.* Will he giue you the nod?

*Pan.* You shal see.

*Cre.* If he do, the rich shall haue, more.

*Enter Hector.*

*Pan.* That's *Hektor*, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way *Hektor*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hektor*! Looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance; is't not a braue man?

*Cre.* O braue man!

*Pan.* Is a not? It does a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you see? Looke you there? There's no iesting, laying on, tak' off, who ill as they say, there be hacks.

*Cre.* Be those with Swords?

*Enter Paris.*

*Pan.* Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it does ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: looke yee yonder Neece, is't not a gallant man to, is't not? Why this is braue now: who said he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good now, ha? Would I could see *Troilus* now, you shal *Troilus* anon.

*Cre.* Whose that?

*Enter Helenus.*

*Pan.* That's *Hellenus*, I maruell where *Troilus* is, that's *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hellenus*.

*Cre.* Can *Hellenus* fight Vnkle?

*Pan.* *Hellenus* no: yee heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troilus* is; harke, do you not heare the people crie *Troilus*? *Hellenus* is a Priest.

*Cre.* What in-taking fellow comes yonder?

*Enter Troilus.*

*Pan.* Where? Yonder? That's *Daphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! Ther's a man Neece, hem! Braue *Troilus*, the Prince of Chualrie.

*Cre.* Peace, for shame peace.

*Pan.* Marke him, not him: O braue *Troilus*: looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more hackt then *Hektor*, and how he

lookes,

lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're saw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troilus*, go thy way, had I a sister were a *Grace*, or a daughter a *Goddesse*, hee should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would giue money to boot.

*Enter common Soldiers.*

*Cre.* Heere come more.

*Pan.* Alles, foolles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; portedge after meat. I could lue and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be such a man as *Troilus*, then *Agamemnon*, and all Greece.

*Cre.* There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better man then *Troilus*.

*Pan.* *Achilles* a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

*Cre.* Well, well.

*Pan.* Well, well? Why haue you any discretion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spice, and salt that seasons a man?

*Cre.* La mine'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

*Pan.* You are such another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.

*Cre.* Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles; vpon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: and at all these wardes I lye at, at a thousand watches.

*Pan.* Say one of your watches.

*Cre.* Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I rook the blow, vnlesse it fell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

*Enter Boy.*

*Pan.* You are such another.

*Boy.* Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.

*Pan.* Where?

*Boy.* At your owne house.

*Pan.* Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt.

Fare ye well good Neece.

*Cre.* Adieu Vnkle.

*Pan.* Ile be with you Neece by and by.

*Cre.* To bring Vnkle.

*Pan.* I, a token from *Troilus*.

*Cre.* By the same token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pan.*

Words, vovs, gifts, teares, & loues full sacrifice, He offers in anothers enterprise:

But more in *Troilus* thousand fold I see, Then in the glasse of *Pandars* praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing, Things won are done, ioyes soule lyes in the dooing:

That she belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this; Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is.

That she was neuer yet, that euer knew Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxime, out of loue I teach; *Attainment, is command; vngain'd, beseech.*

That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare, Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*

*Senet. Enter Agamemnon.*

*des, Adenela*

*Agam.* Princes:

What greefe hath set the I

The ample proposition tha

In all designs, begun on e

Fayles in the promitt large

Grow in the veins of actio

As knots by the conflux of

Infect the sound Pine, and

Tortine and craft from his

Not Princes, is it matter ne

That we come short of our

That after seven yeares sieg

Sith euer action that hath

Whereof we haue Record,

Bias and thwart, not answe

And that vn bodied figure

That gaue't surmised shape

Do you with cheekes abash

And thinke them shame, w

But the protractiue trials o

To finde perfitiue constan

The fineness of which Me

In Fortunes loue: for then

The Wife and Foole, the A

The hard and soft, seeme al

But in the Wine and Tem

Distinction with a lowd an

Puffing at all, winnowes th

And what hath masse, or m

Lies rich in Vertue, and v

*Nestor.* With due Obs

Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor*

Thy latest words.

In the reproofe of Chance,

Lies the true prooffe of men

How many shallow bauble

Vpon her patient brest, m

With those of Nobler bull

But let the Russian *Boreas*

The gentle *Thetis*, and an

The strong ribb'd Barke th

Bounding betweene the tu

Like *Perseus* Horse. Who

Whose weak vntimber'd

Co-riual'd Greatnesse? E

Or made a Tostle for Nept

Doth valours shew, and va

In stormes of Fortune.

For, in her ray and bright

The Heard hath more anne

Then by the Tyger: But,

Makes flexible the knees

And Flies fled vnder shade

The thing of Courage,

As row'd with rage, with

And with an accent tun'd

Rettyres to chiding Fortu

*Vhs. Agamemnon:*

Thou great Commander,

Heart of our Numbers, so

In whom the tempers, an

Should be shut vp: Heare

Besides the applause and a

The which most mighty f